

California Chablis

3:40 p.m.
the sun fractures
everything in the head
and still
we do go on

another glass
chilled this time
it doesn't matter --
I'll drink it any
temperature

my brothers
are lost in my mind
their children
draw pictures
inside my lids

aunt annie
aunt annie

none of us forget
we have carried
the same name
and the same memories
with different
perspectives

we have sat to-
gether in the same
coach sections
on a train hurrying
us from washington d.c.
to dallas
and into unwelcome
houses with habits

strange to our ways
we were much alone
always between
arriving or leaving
which parent will
meet us
what soldier to put
his hand
on my thigh
what war
what death
what bells ringing
for the final victory

my brothers and I
remember
we have turned out
very badly

in napa
the ground is good
for growing grapes
and housing insanity
I live very near
for both purposes

all of this
adds up to one not
very exciting record

there has been no
family scandal

everyone is safe